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"I am so glad you have been able to visit upon her features," said Ethel, as she turned away from the window where she had seen what she called "the fall." "I shall say by your desire, and will not see you again. But I promise you will promise me to mention a word of the matter to anyone?"

"I promised."

"Forgive it!"

"Yes, I forgive you, for I believe that you must have been mad—committed a foolish passion. Therefore I forgive you, and may Heaven do likewise!"

"Will you take my hand?" she asked softly, as the storm came up to him.

"Do not ask me—it is impossible!"

"You may feel better, or one—one who you may regret not having done so."

At that time Leon did not attach a importance to his words.

After a short pause he held forth his hand; Ethel took it and pressed it warmly, but the pressure was not returned.

Hearing a deep sigh, Ethel turned away with slow and stately steps toward the house.

[To be Continued.]

**IT PUNYERIES ITS ADVANTAGES.**

A New Yorker, who has always had an idea that he would make a successful farmer, sold out his business last winter and with the proceeds purchased a hill-top farm in the Adirondacks.

Recently a friend, who was paying a visit, asked him how he was getting on.

"Well," he replied, somewhat dubiously, "generally speaking, things aren't fanning out as well as I was led expect, but—and he spoke more fully—"the views about here are simply magnificent."

**An Incident at the Capital.**

Visitor—"Can you tell me the name of the architect of this building?"

The Guard—"Yes, sir, it is this building, and in fact made up the building's witness stand given place, and distinctly speak, in the architect's office, Modern French Renaissance, Salomon."